

DELL
COMIC

JULY

10¢

and Tom Jerry comics



A 52 page
Comic
Magazine

Worth going out on a limb for—

Yet all you have to do to get your Milky Way is dig up a few pennies and spend 'em for one of these luscious bars. Then sink your teeth into smooth, soothing chocolate that treasures within it a sumptuous layer of creamy caramel and a heaping helping of rich, malted milk nougat.

"So much for so little," you'll say.

The name is...



M-m-milky Way...

your money can't buy more "m-m-m-m"!

M-G-M. CARTOONS
present

TOM and JERRY

OUR DECLARATION
OF INDEPENDENCE
IS ALL READY FOR
TOM TO SIGN,
TUFFY?

AND IF HE REFUSES, WE'LL
GIVE HIM THE WORKS...
FIREWORKS, THAT IS!

DECLARATION OF
INDEPENDENCE JULY 4th 1953
I HEREBY GRANT
JERRY AND TUFFY,
LIFE, LIBERTY, AND
THE PURSUIT OF
MISCHIEF.
I WILL HEREAFTER
ALWAYS LET THEM
DO AS THEY
PLEASE.
SIGN HERE

ROUST YOURSELF OUTA BED,
TOM, AND PUT YOUR
JOHN HANCOCK ON
THE DOTTED LINE!

HMM...
WHAT'S
THIS?

SIGN A DECLARATION
OF INDEPENDENCE?
I SHOULD
SAY NOT!

THEN WE'LL
REVOLT...
THIS MEANS
WAR!

HA, HA? YEAH,
BUT I WON'T
FIGHT!

OH, NO?
WE'LL JUST
USE A
PERSUADER!

I'LL SPEND MY
FOURTH, SAFE IN
BED!

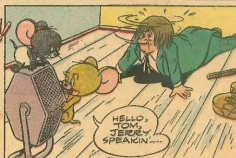
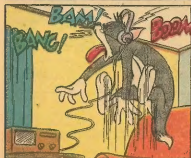
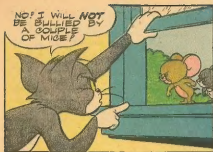
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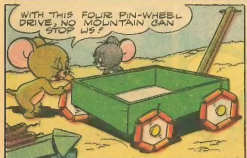
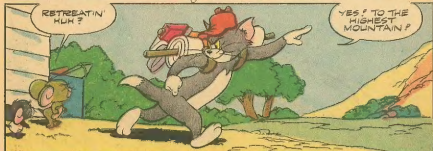
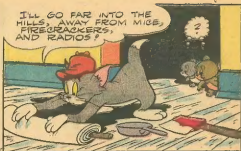
READY
TO SIGN,
THOMPSON?

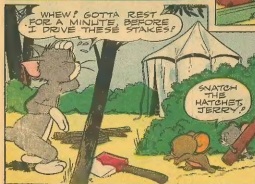
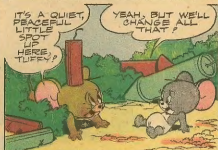
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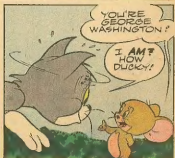
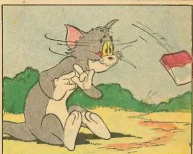
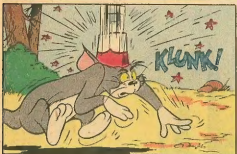
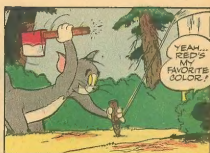
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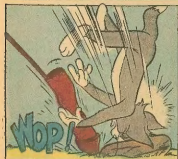
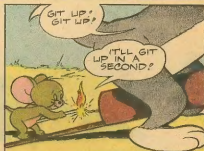
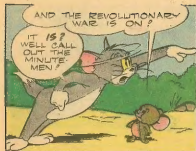
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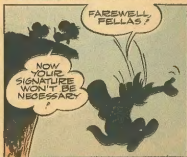
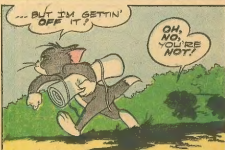
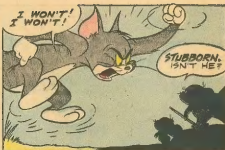
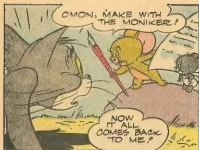


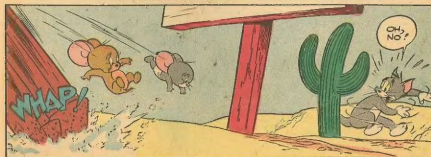
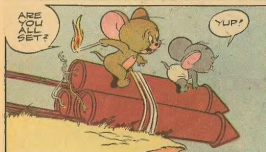
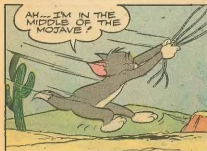


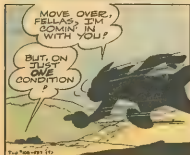
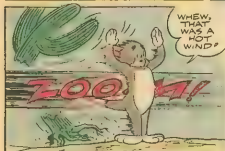
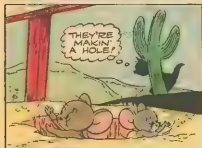
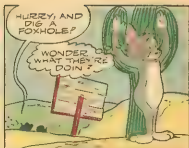
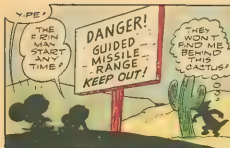


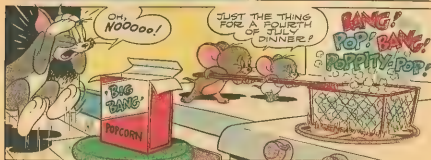
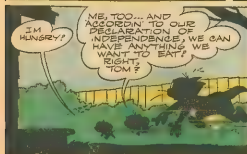
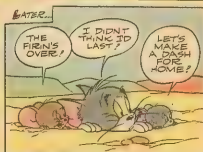
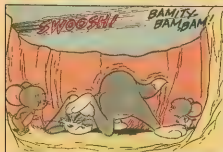
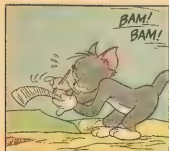












m.g.m. cartoons
present

The Adventures of TOM

THIS CORNER LOOKS
LIKE A GOOD SPOT TO
SET UP
BUSINESS!

THERE'S NOTHIN'
LIKE NICE, SHINY RED
APPLES TO ATTRACT
CUSTOMERS!

MMM BO! THOSE ARE
REAL YUMMY-LOOKIN'
APPLES!

UH-HUH!
HOW MANY DO
YOU WANT?

OH I'LL JUST
TAKE ONE!

NO ORDER TOO
SMALL FIVE
CENTS, PLEASE!

FIVE CENTS? DON'T YOU KNOW WHEN
YOU OPEN A NEW BUSINESS, IT'S
CUSTOMARY TO GIVE A
FREE SAMPLE?

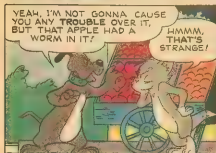
IT IS?

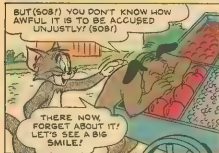
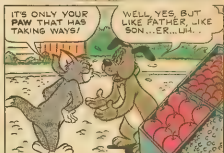
SURE. AND, IF I LIKE IT, I'LL
PROBABLY GIVE YOU ALL MY
APPLE BUSINESS!

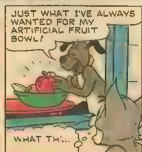
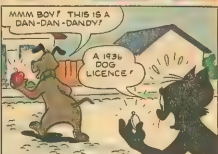
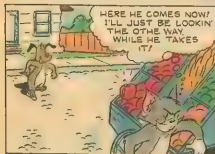
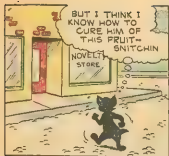
MUNCH!

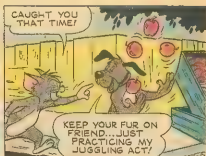
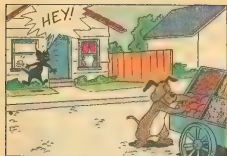
OH, WELL, MAYBE AN
APPLE ON THE HOUSE
WILL HELP ESTABLISH
GOOD WILL!

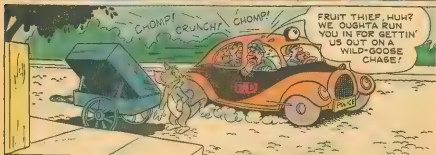
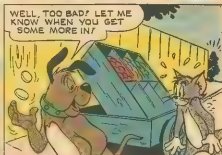
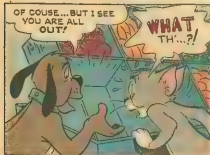
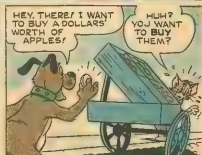
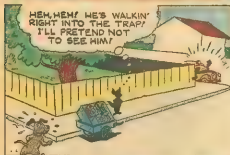
CHOMP!
CHOMP!

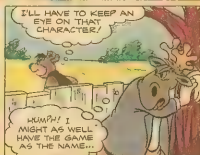
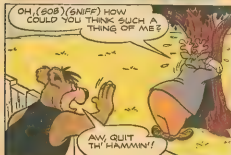
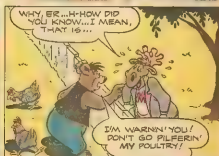
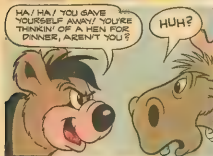
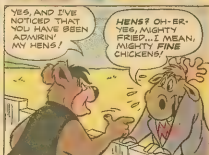
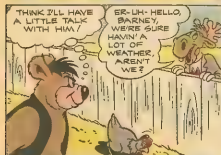
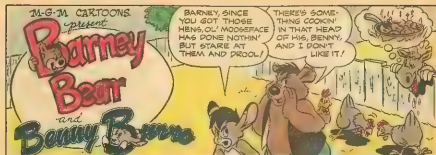


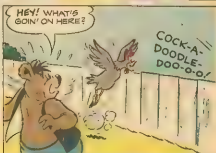


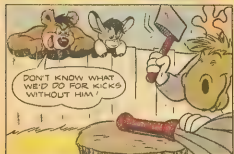
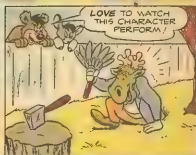
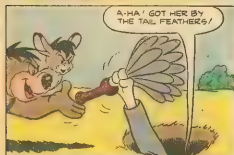
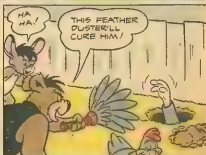
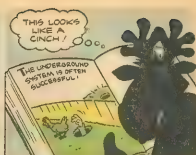


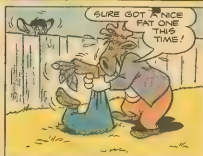
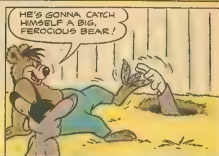
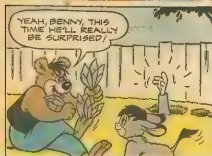
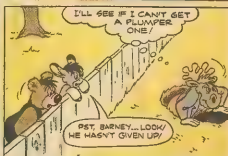
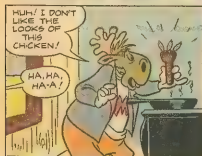
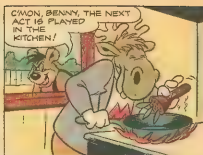
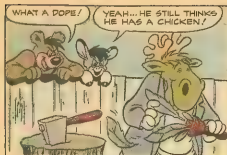


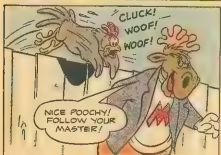
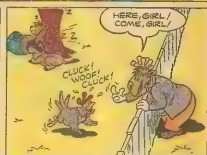
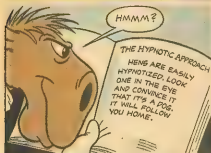
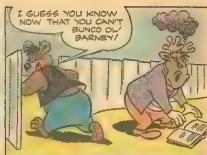


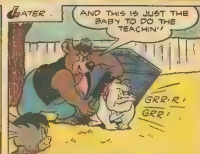
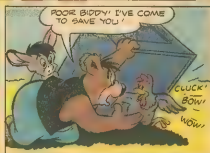
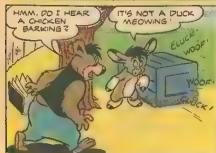
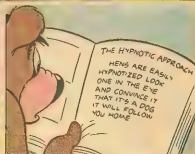
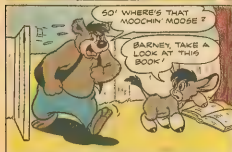
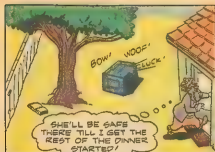


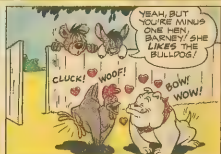
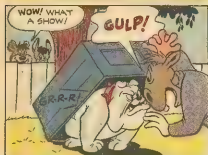
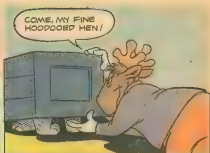
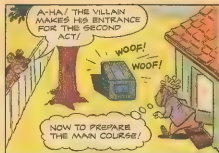






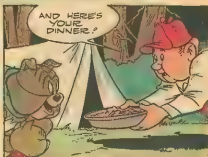
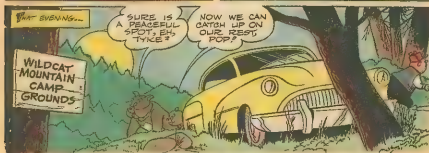
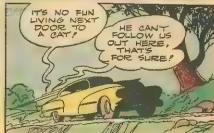
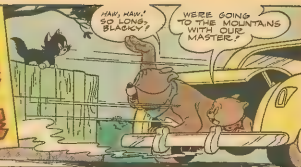


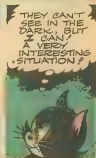
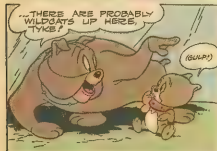


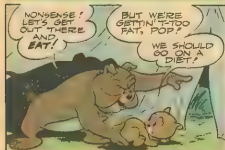
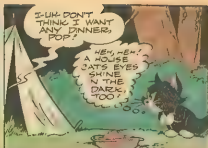
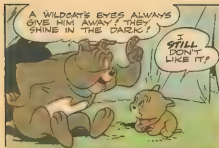


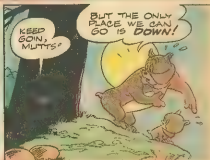
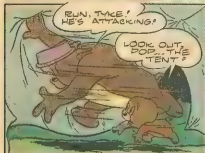
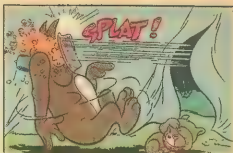
M-G-M. CARTOONS
PRESENT

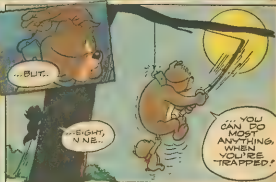
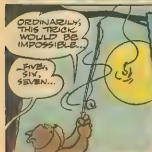
Big SPIKE AND Little TYKE

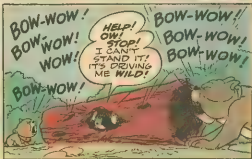
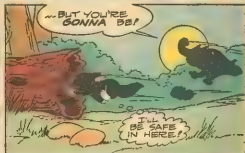
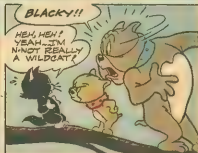
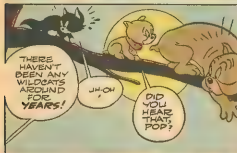
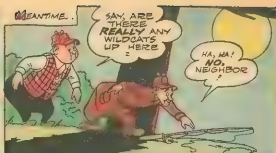








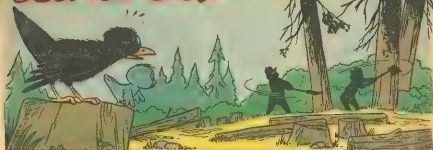




BERTIE BIRD

in

The PINE WOODS STORY



The gnarled old apple tree, in the center of Apple Tree Lane, was ALIVE with the chattering and chirping of all Bertie Bird's little friends. It had taken Bertie and Christopher Crow nearly all day to round them up. And now, as they snuggled closely together on every branch, they almost seemed to spill over onto the ground.

Finally, satisfied that everyone had arrived, Christopher's grandfather, who had just come down from the pine woods, flew to the highest perch, and waited for the noise to subside. Then, in halting tones, he told them a very unusual tale. It was not a gay, humorous story, but one of disaster and tragedy. And when he had finished, the birds were sad and depressed.

"Oh! What a catastrophe!" cried Jenny Wren.

"How AWFUL!" gasped Missus Robbin.

"Are you sure?" asked Nicky Blackbird.

"Caw!" snorted Grandfather Crow crossly. "Of course I'm sure! I was THERE! I SAW it with my own eyes!"

Bertie quivered with excitement. He nudged Christopher with his wing and gave him a very meaningful look. Christopher, looked at Bertie knowingly, and, bobbing his head up and down excitedly, he whispered, "Come on! Let's go!" Away they flew to see for themselves what was taking place in the pine woods.

"You know, Bertie," said Christopher, after

they were well on their way, "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if Grandfather's story was all a big fib."

"I don't think so," Bertie replied. "He didn't 'er and ah' like he always does when he tells a whopper. THIS one sounded real!"

"Tat! Tat!" twittered Christopher. "HE makes all his stories sound real! But we shall see!" And with a sudden spurt of speed, the two little birds flew on, almost afraid of what they might find.

It was hours later when Bertie and Christopher reached the pine woods. And they soon found, to their dismay, that every word of Grandfather Crow's story was TRUE!

"Oh, Christopher!" wailed Bertie sadly. "The loggers ARE destroying the woods!"

Christopher nodded his head slowly for, no matter which way they flew the little birds saw horrible destruction.

Rows and rows of ugly tree stumps were all that remained of the tall, stately pines which now lay dead on the ground. Birds' nests, crushed and torn apart, were scattered near the felled trees, while the poor mother birds, who had built them, darted about overhead, shrieking and scolding. Little squirrels, frightened and chattering, scrambled over fallen trees, desperately trying to find their lost homes.

"I HATE those mean old loggers!" cried Bertie angrily. "I wish we could chase them away!"

"So do I!" said Christopher. "But we're too LITTLE!"

They flew on deeper into the woods. Suddenly, they were startled to hear a strange, rhythmic sound. "Zzzzt — Zzzzt Zzzzt — Zzzzt!"

"What's that?" asked Christopher, startled.

Bertie listened thoughtfully for a moment. "I don't know!" he finally admitted. "I've never heard it before!"

Filled with curiosity, they darted off in the direction of the strange noise.

"Look!" gasped Bertie. "It's the LOGGERS!"

Sure enough, there they were. A whole group of them, talking and laughing heartily. They didn't seem to care at all that two of their group were busily sawing down a beautiful pine tree.

Bertie and Christopher were furious. They perched in a tree opposite and scolded and scolded.

"That won't do any good!" sobbed little Willie Woodpecker, who sat hunched up beside them.

"I know," sighed Bertie. "But it's all we can do!"

"No, it isn't!" answered Willie. "You can help me find my mommy! She flew away to find us a new home. And she hasn't come back! Oh, oh, oh!"

"Don't cry!" said Bertie. "We'll find her for you!"

But just at that moment, the air was filled with a loud splintering C-CRACK! And the giant pine the loggers had been sawing toppled towards them.

"Fly!" screamed Bertie. "Or we'll be killed!"

He and Christopher shot off the branch. But little Willie was too panicked to move. He just sat and stared at the falling tree.

"Willie! Come on!" yelled Bertie, as he started back to rescue him. But Bertie was too late. The tree came down with a terrible crash.

A minute later, when Bertie and Christopher flew back to see what had happened to Willie, he was nowhere to be found.

"Willie!" called Bertie. "Where are you?" There was no answer.

"Maybe the tree knocked him to the ground!" suggested Christopher.

But even after they had hopped all about on the ground, and searched every possible little niche, poor little Willie was still missing.

"Let's look in the tree again," said Bertie. "He's got to be SOMEWHERE!" And with that, the two friends hopped quickly over to the great fallen pine.

"Look!" exclaimed Christopher suddenly, examining a hole in the trunk above him. "That MUST be the entrance to a woodpecker's home." Then a sudden thought popped into his head. "You don't suppose —"

SWOOSH! Up Bertie flew to the hole, and, perching cautiously on the edge, he peered down inside the tree. There it was! The first thing he saw — the little red top-knot that belonged to WILLIE!

"Christopher!" yelled Bertie. "Come here! I've found him!"

Clapping his wings with excitement, Christopher flew down and peeped inside the hole. "What d'ya know!" he exclaimed. "He must have been pushed in here by that falling tree!"

"We'd better see if he's hurt," said Bertie.

But Willie was not hurt — only stunned a little. And after resting awhile, he started off with Bertie and Christopher to look for his mommy.

They darted about all through the woods, searching everywhere. But by late afternoon, Willie's mommy had still NOT been found.

"I guess it's just no use looking anymore, Willie!" Bertie said. "Come on! We'll take you home with us!"

But they didn't. For, at the edge of the woods, Willie found his mommy. And the strange part of it all, was that SHE had been searching all this time for Willie!

"Well," chirped Bertie happily. "At least, when WE tell the birds back home OUR story about the pine woods, it'll have a HAPPY ENDING!"

"But WE won't!" exclaimed Christopher. "If we don't get started!"

So, off they flew to THEIR mommies in Apple Tree Lane.

M. G. M. CARTOONS

present

WUFF

the
PRAIRIE DOG

WUFF, WHERE DO YOU GET THE ENERGY TO WHISTLE ON A DAY AS HOT AS THIS?

IT'S AN OL' SAILOR TRICK, SAMMY. THEY CALL IT "WHISTLING UP A WIND!"

I GUESS IT DIDN'T WORK, THOUGH... I DON'T FEEL A THING.

WELL, MAYBE WE CAN FIND SOME SHADE!

THE OLD DEAD TREE IS THE ONLY PLACE WHERE THERE MIGHT BE SHADE!

LET'S GO!

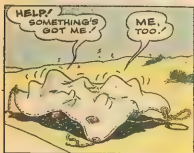
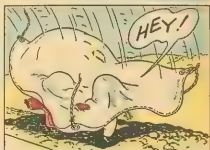
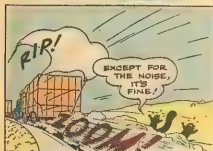
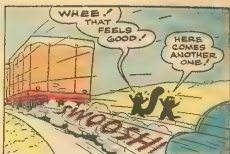
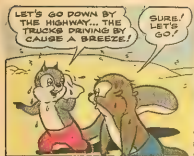
CHARLIE COYOTE!

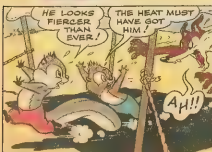
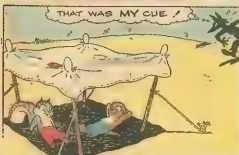
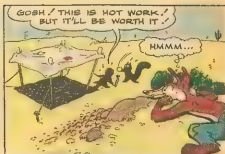
WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU WOULD BE HERE!

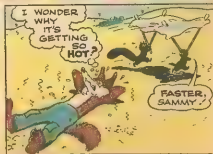
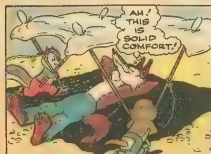
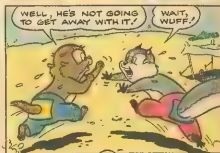
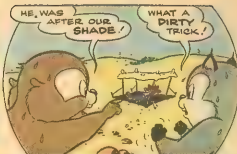
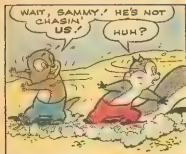
BEAT IT, YOU GUYS! THERE ISN'T EVEN ENOUGH SHADE HERE FOR ME!

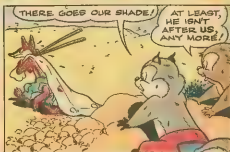
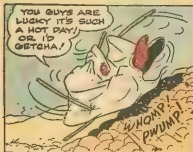
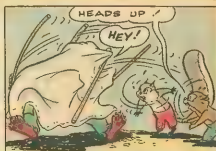
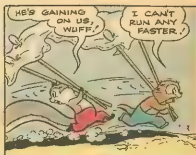
WELL, IT WAS A GOOD IDEA, ANYWAY!

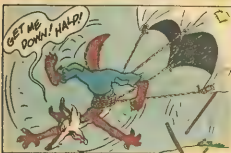
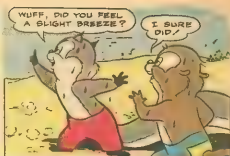
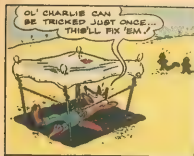
AT LEAST IT'S TOO HOT FOR HIM TO CHASE US!



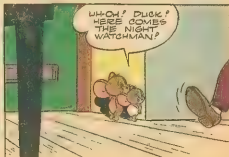
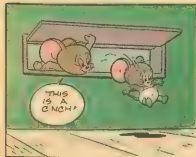
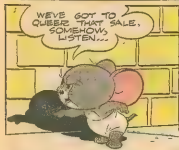
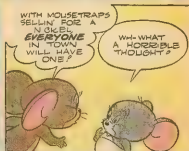
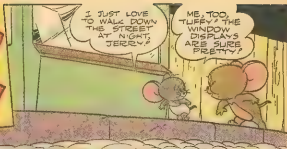


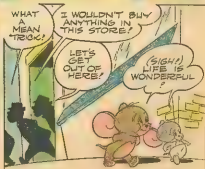
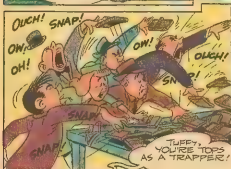
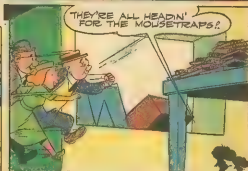
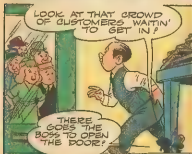
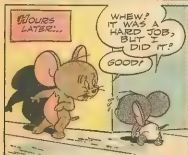
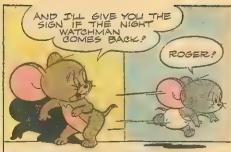
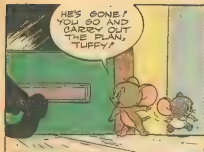






M.G.M. CARTOONS
present
**JERRY
and
TUFFY**





MGM-MV CARTOONS
present

fuzzy and Wuzzy

LOOK AT THOSE KIDS!
I JUST CAN'T TEACH
THEM TO STAY CLEAN!

ALL THEY WANT TO DO
IS PLAY IN THE MUD!

FUZZY,
WOULDN'T IT
BE FUN IF WE
HAD A PET TO
PLAY IN THE
MUD WITH US?

MAYBE UNCLE
BARNEY WOULD
BUY US A DOG!

THAT
WOULD
BE SUPER!

UNCLE BARNEY, DO YOU SUPPOSE
WE COULD HAVE A DOG
TO PLAY WITH?

A DOG?
HA, HA!

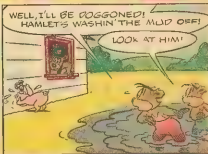
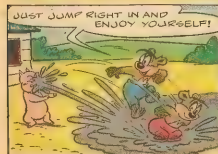
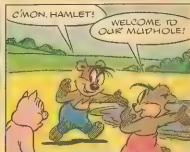
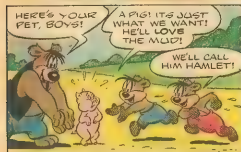
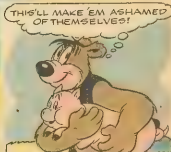
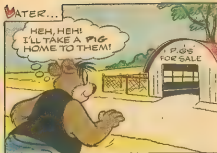
NO DOG WOULD PLAY
WITH TWO MUDDY
LITTLE BOYS
LIKE YOU!

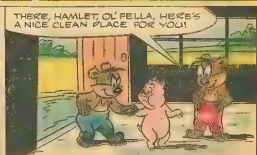
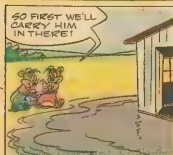
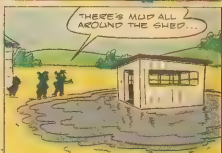
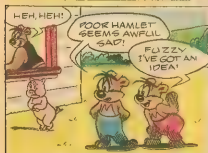
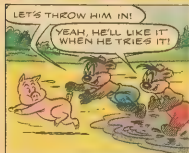
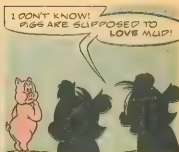
WELL, HOW
ABOUT A
CAT?

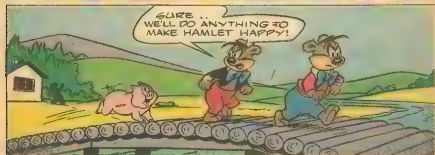
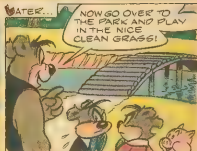
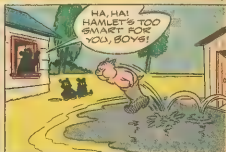
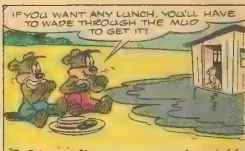
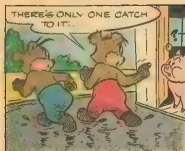
CATS ARE CLEAN!
THEY WOULDN'T
THINK OF PLAYIN'
IN THE MUD!

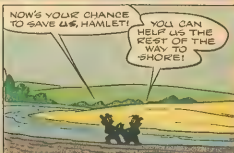
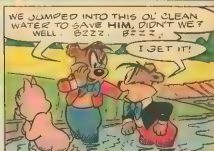
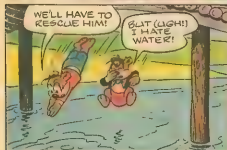
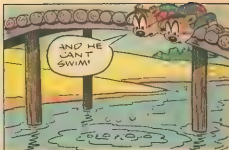
WELL, ISN'T THERE SOME KIND OF
PET THAT WOULD PLAY
WITH US?

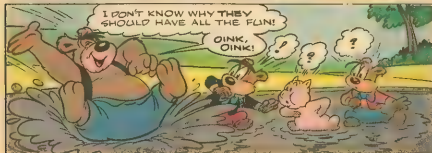
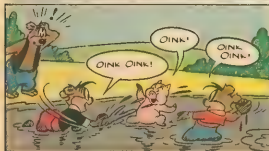
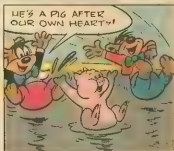
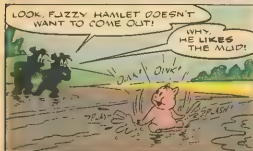
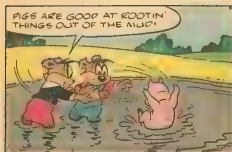
HHMM...











FLIP DIP

EXPLORING IS SURE
FUN, ISN'T IT, DIP?

YEAH! BUT WHERE'S
POP? HE'S ALWAYS
LAGGING BEHIND!

JEEPEERS, LOOK! A
CAVE! WONDER
WHAT'S INSIDE?

A TREASURE
CHEST, MAYBE!

WE CAN PRETEND, ANYWAY... IT MAKES
OUR EXPLORING MORE EXCITING F.L.P!

WHY DON'T YOU GO INSIDE
THE CAVE AND LOOK
AROUND!

NO YOU GO IN AND I'LL STAND
GUARD OUT HERE!
NOTHING
DOING! IT'S TOO DARK
IN THERE! YOU GO!

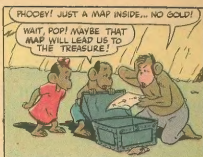
HEY! WHAT'S ALL
THE ARGUING
ABOUT?

WE'RE TRYING TO
DECIDE WHO GOES
IN AFTER THE
TREASURE CHEST
POP!

TREASURE CHEST!! OH, BOY!
LET ME AT IT!

POP THINKS THERE'S A REAL TREASURE CHEST
IN THERE! THAT'S A
GOOD ONE!

HE DIDN'T KNOW
WE WERE JUST
PRETENDING!
TEE, HEE!



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St. and No.

City Zone State

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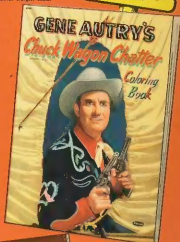
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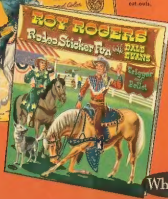
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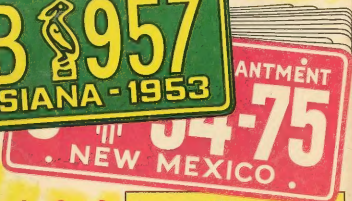
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